

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

CASSIUS

Why, sir, he straddles the narrow world like a giant,
and we petty men walk under his huge legs and
peek out just to find our graves, as if we were
slaves. Men can be masters of their fate. Brutus,
our problem is not destiny, but ourselves. "Brutus"
and "Caesar"—what's special about "Caesar?" Why
should that name be shouted more than yours?
Write them together—yours looks just as good. Say
them—yours is just as pleasant to say. Weigh
them—it's just as heavy. Do magic with them, and
"Brutus" will call up a spirit just as well as "Caesar."
Now, in the name of all the gods, I ask you what
meat Caesar has eaten that has made him grow to
be so great? The people of our time should be
ashamed! Rome has lost the ability to raise noble
men! When was there an age, since the great
flood, that didn't contain more than one famous
man? When could anyone speaking of Rome say,
before now, that just one man ruled the entire city?
Indeed, now Rome only has room for one man. Oh,
you and I have heard our fathers say that once
there was a Brutus—your ancestor—who would
have let the devil reign in the Roman Republic
before he would allow a king.

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